

THE NEW PLAY

"Paid in Full" Squares Accounts With Cheap Manhattan.

LONG ACRES SQUARE spouted a sturdy young author last night. Others may say "promising," but this case calls for something stronger, for Mr. Eugene Walter, in the courage of his youth and the power of his pen, has seen fit to deal with brutal facts, not with pretty promises. As so many "promising" authors in our scrapbooks already that we can well afford to take Mr. Walter at his word. He speaks the last word in the title of his play, "Paid in Full." That settles it!



Frank Sheridan as Capt. Williams.

Brooks refused to be an "object of charity"—and the upshot of the whole first act was that Joe and Emma went to a "show" with no one but themselves for company. But domestic wretchedness in a Harlem flat is always a source of pleasure to Broadway, and it was made more than ordinarily interesting last night by the acting of an excellent little cast. Miss Lillian Albertson displayed remarkable patience, and even more remarkable red hair, as the young wife, Mr. Tully Marshall lost his temper with great success as the husband, Mr. Frank Sheridan gave a salty flavor to the old sea wolf who had become President of a steamship company, and Mr. Ben Johnson made Jim Smith seem as though he had just walked in from the street. Miss Hattie Russell had an easy time of it as Emma's mother, and Miss Oza Waldrop bustled herself with looking pretty in the utterly useless role of Emma's sister.

You hungered for new faces when the family moved into a "semi-fashionable hotel" down in the district known to telephone book students as "Bryant," and you gave a bit of relief of life that was nothing but "talk" until it developed that Joe had paid for all this "grandeur" with money stolen from the steamship company. After an ominous visit from Williams he blurted out the truth to Emma. Down went your "hero!" He had not a leg to stand on by the time he had finished his lame excuses. Just man Williams drove me to the help. "He went away so I could steal the money." Then he turned and blamed it all on his wife. He had stolen, he said, so that she might have clothes and the case she had longed for. This was bad enough, but when the weakling proposed that his wife go to Williams's bachelor quarters and save him at any price, your dollar began to get too tight for comfort. The fellow's advice to his wife was more than any audience should be asked to stand.

The earlier part of the scene in Williams's apartment was almost as disagreeable. But it was well written and very well acted. The Captain used words from which the wife shrank. She was made to understand the price he asked for the \$1000 her husband had stolen. He fairly beat her down with his brutal words, but when she made it a matter of "death before dishonor," as they cry in the thrillers, he showed a clean hand, and explained that he had only been putting her to a test.

This sudden change on Williams's part seemed so good to be true—but perhaps the author knew his man. At any rate, Emma got what she had come for without any cost to herself, and she went back home with Jim, who had been hanging around preparing to shoot Williams. If necessary. Nothing remained but a comparatively weak last act in which Emma walked out of her "semi-fashionable" apartment like a sister of Evelyn's Xena, leaving her husband to say good night to the audience. In using his weakest character to end his play, the author greatly weakened the impression "Paid in Full" had made. Mr. Marshall, however, had no reason to be ashamed of his acting. Unhappy as this ending was, there was at least the implication that Emma might some day find a better husband in Jim, who had won her sympathy by telling her he had been a father all his life. And perhaps they would live in a wholly fashionable hotel.

Mr. Walter evidently knows "hotel society." "Paid in Full" squares accounts with cheap Manhattan.

CHARLES DARTON.

Health and Beauty.

By Margaret Hubbard Ayer.

Wants a Hair Dye.

CL—I never recommend self-applied hair dyes. They are always difficult, and to mix properly, and the result is seldom satisfactory when an amateur attempts to dye her own hair. However, if you wish to make a trial, I print below the formula requested. **Preparation.**—1.0 ounce, distilled water (Chol), 1.12 ounces. Dissolve, and when the solution has cooled add gradually rectified spirit, 1.2 fluid ounces. The above is full strength and will make the hair almost black. Diluted with water it will stain the hair from dark to light brown.

The Child's Hair.

MR. A. E. P.—It is sometimes possible to induce a child's hair to curl or wave by constantly twisting it. When it is a little damp twist it in ringlets around the fingers or a pencil. Encourage it with the brush and buff it out several times a day. There is a superstition to the effect that hair should be clipped at the full of the moon, but it is merely a superstition, and if you simply clip the ends of your hair when they are split or have your hair dresser sing them it doesn't matter whether the moon is full or dark.

For Pink Cheeks.

B.—Plenty of sleep, fresh air and wholesome food will give you what you want. If you are run down and debilitated you had better see a doctor, who will probably build you up with a good tonic.

An Oily Scalp.

L. L.—The best cure for excessive oiliness of the scalp is the use of a sage, which regulates the distribution of the natural oil and loosens up the scalp. At first the hair will seem oilier than ever, but keep up the treatment faithfully and you will soon see

improvement. Here is a formula for a tonic which will tone up the scalp with oil, and give the hair a healthy, shining tincture of cartharides, 1 ounce, oil of English lavender, 1.2 dram, oil of rosemary, 1.2 dram. Apply to the scalp the hair once or twice a day. It is positively necessary that the scalp should be kept clean.

Several Questions.

EDWIN L.—You can only change the color of red hair by dyeing it. It is rather unusual for a man to want curly hair, and unless the hair is long it is impossible to resort to the usual methods for keeping the hair in curl. As for the red cheeks, if you lead a wholesome life, eating nourishing food, taking plenty of outdoor exercise and sleeping at least seven hours a night, you will acquire the healthy glow you so much desire.

Camomile Tea Again.

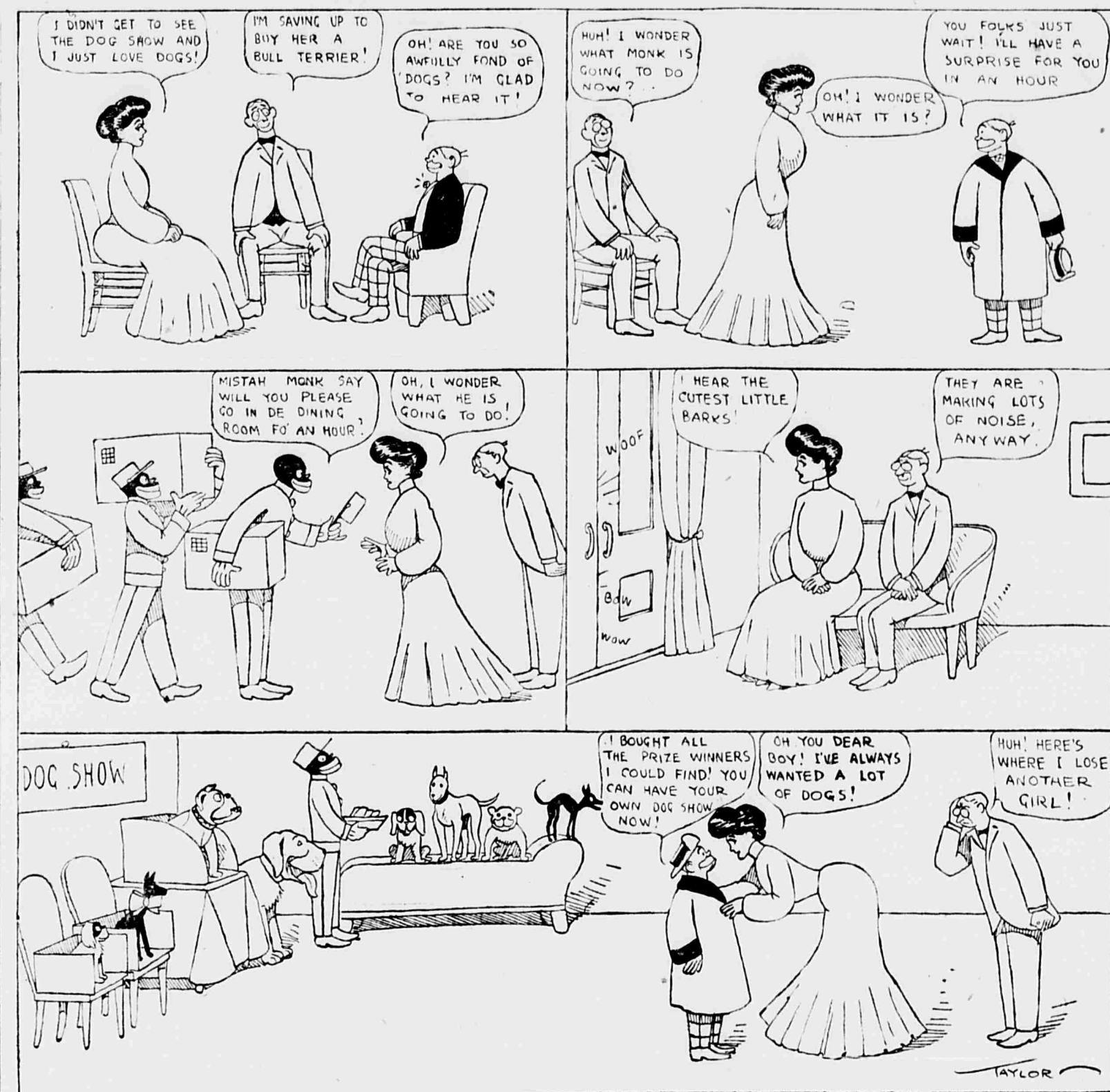
MISS H. M.—Make a strong tea of the German camomile flowers and after thoroughly shampooing the hair wash it in the tea. Then dry in the sun. This will impart the reddish tinge desired and is at the same time excellent for the scalp.

The Masher and the Maid.

A Lettered Lyric.
In the garden, a maid he's C's,
She has such deep blue eyes,
He speaks to her—she's at her E's,
For to his game she's Y's.
He says, "May I help shell those P's?"
"Oh, no, sir, 'tis no U's."
"My dear, you are a little T's."
From this she takes her Q's.
She says, "Leave me now or L's
I'll think you are one of those J's
And overturn a hive of B's."
To make his exit, he S's.
—March Bohemian.

The Million-Dollar Kid

By R. W. Taylor



Betty Vincent Gives Advice On Courtship and Marriage

He Is Angry With Her.

FOR the past year I have loved a boy who seems to love me, but who has not spoken to me for the past two weeks, because another fellow, whom I dislike very much, told him that I had said some disagreeable things about him. Do you think he is right to believe what the fellow said? I have plenty of boy friends, but I prefer him to any of them.

His Invitation Refused.

DEAR BETTY: I LOVE a girl whom I want to take out every Sunday, but she only wishes to go out every second Sunday. Could you tell me how often I should take her out, and why she refuses to go out with me every Sunday?

He Is Too Sure of Her.

I AM eighteen and am deeply in love with a young man of twenty-two. I have been going with him about five months. My parents at first objected to him, but he begged me to go with him. I consented, and now that I am allowed to go out with him he goes with another. What shall I do to gain his love?

He is too sure of you. Be indifferent to him and accept the attention of other young men. If he cares for you and thinks you are growing fond of some one else, he will not neglect you in the future.

Ask When You May Call.

DEAR BETTY: I BOUGHT two weeks ago I escorted a young lady home from a party and asked her when I could see her again. She said she would see me later on. Since then I have not heard from her. Does she care for me? How can I tell? I would like to continue the acquaintance.

She Likes the Younger.

DEAR BETTY: MY brother and I were introduced to two sisters, with whom we intend to keep steady company. The oldest sister seems to like my brother, who is younger than myself, but she thinks he is older. How can I tell her that I am the oldest? P. A. S.

The Man or the Girl.

DEAR BETTY: I AM engaged to a young man and am very much in love with him. But we have just quarrelled on account of my going with a girl friend whom for some reason he does not like. Should I stay with my sweetheart or the girl?

Proper to Send Candy.

DEAR BETTY: IS IT proper to give a girl a box of candy after having met her only once. Illness not permitting me to see her for two months? Am I in love with this girl?

Remember This, Girls.

LIVE—What an improvement it will be if the time ever comes when everybody can get a seat in the street cars.

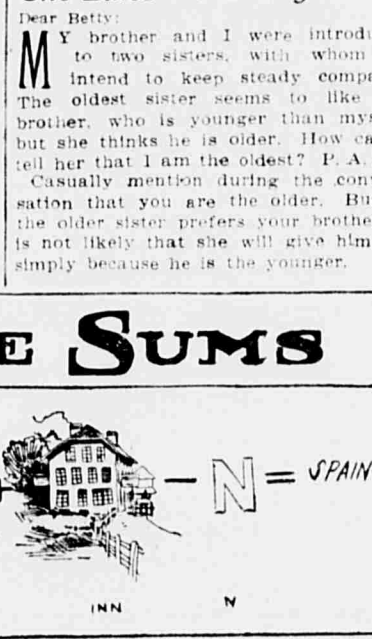
Facing the Situation.

WON'T you continue this deed? cried the senior member of the firm.

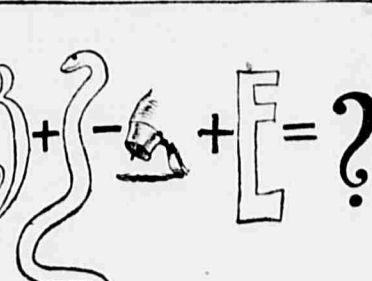
Better Be Careful.

POLLY—I wouldn't marry a lot of men.

Picture Sums



What Country in Europe Does This Sum Spell?



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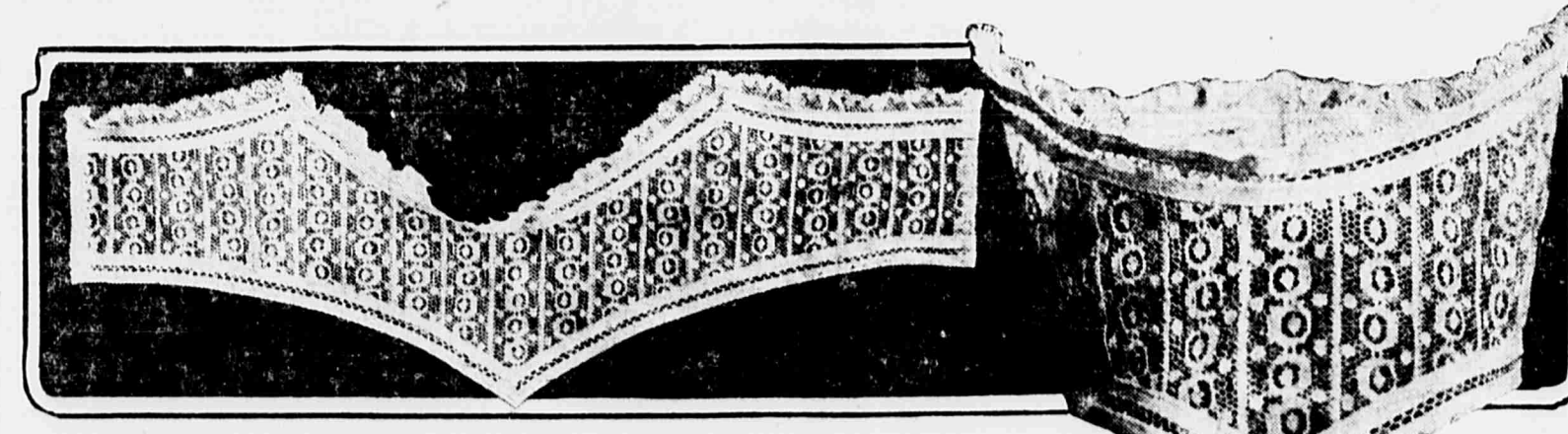
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This Is How the Fashionable High Gibson Collar Is Made



By Abby Chandler Greene.

THE girl who would be smart in her make-up must wear a Gibson collar, one that reaches up behind the ears. It is quite the latest fall. Odds and ends of lace may be utilized in making it. First a shape must be cut of plain white paper, with the proper length in front and behind the ears and back. It is held up with wide feather-bone which is made for this purpose, and the sides and ends are boned.

THE NEW EAST LYNNE

By Clara Morris

Author of "Stage Life," "A Pasteboard Crown," and Others.

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.
Philip Keith, a clever, selfish New York doctor, marries the beautiful Daphne Cuyler. Other members of the household are Philip's grandfather, Prof. Keith, and his ward, Olive Marr, who secretly loves Philip. Daphne and Philip have a daughter, Daphne May, and a baby son. Daphne is a dissolute millionaire, is in love with Daphne and tries in vain to win her affection. Daphne, while she is dazed from morphine, has her kidnapping and carried to Montreal. There at a hotel he implores her to divorce Philip and to become his own wife. Daphne is stricken with paralysis. Daphne escapes and starts for a Montreal hospital. A little French governess, Denise Varile, whom she has befriended, is killed and her belongings, so the Keith home by mistake as Daphne's. Philip thus believes Daphne is dead and he marries Olive, who is secretly unfaithful to him. Five years later Daphne (who has found refuge with the family of a governor for her own sake) the position of governess for her own children. She is disguised and calls herself "Mrs. Varile." Prof. Keith, alone of all the household, recognizes her. He fears lest the others may in time suspect her identity.

CHAPTER XV.
(Continued.)
Disguised!

"Yes, your hands. They are very beautiful, and they are ten years younger than your face and figure. Mrs. Keith is observant, and very quick at putting two and two together. Then, too—pardon me—I think she expected to find in you a sort of false confidence, and your grave reserve has disappointed her so much she will be on the alert to find cause of complaint against you."

Madame looked gravely at her hands—she seemed to ignore all else that had been referred to.
"It was good of you to warn me, Professor. I shall profit by your kindness." And from that time forth she added another weird touch to her costume in the shape of a pair of thick black lace mitts.
In the schoolroom certain books of ancient lore, household with apophthegms and readers, grammars and geographies, Hans Andersen and Lewis Carroll, for just as a murderer is often irresistibly drawn to the place of crime, so the professor by his guilty knowledge seemed to be drawn to the danger zone—the schoolroom. And he often sat aside, close up to the window, reading his Greek or Latin or pretending to read, while the children were studying or resting. And always when Mme. Varile gave May her music lesson downstairs he sat with the little lad Philip, helping him along the somewhat thorny path of learning.

It was supposed to see how quickly Madame had won the children's liking, for truth to tell, she worked them hard, but she was such a delightful playmate, devised such splendid games. They played nearly everything they studied as when they drew a map of Australia in the wide world of the blackboard, she was ready to be the blackboard's helper, and she was also ready to be a defeated army or a condemned spy, or a treacherous Indian, leaving all the fine heroic parts for May and Philip.

Olive's Jealousy.

All this greatly annoyed the ever jealous Olive, who had planned things differently, believing that the children, detecting a teacher, would turn naturally to her for their pleasures, treats and games, thus giving her the chance to pose before Philip as the beloved of his children. So there was an exasperated and unjustly eye ever fixed upon the mistress of the schoolroom, who she felt was far too much to her pupils, but whom she had not yet been able to charge with presumption, since she maintained toward the members of the family a faint touch of that deferential humility of manner peculiar to the woman in service.

That the improvement in the children's manners had been commented upon by Dr. Keith caused Olive great offense.

"I'm sure," she had exclaimed vexedly, "I've always allowed the children at table with us all."

And the doctor had rather ungallantly answered:
"Perhaps that is why they have improved so much upon you, under the French madame's training."

But quite the most remarkable change was to be seen in young Mr. Keith. He had fallen for some reason into a hang-dog, timorous attitude, like a child growing cowardly from dread of a big.

"And you noticed it, granddad?" Olive Keith's face blazed red, and the old gentleman hastily answered:
"Oh, yes, he's got quite all over that now. Only yesterday, fierce as new milk, he threw himself between May and Madame Varile and the danger of a six-pound dog, who barked most savagely at them."

The doctor threw back his head and laughed delightedly, while the professor continued:
"What a horrible thing!"

"He is just about crazy to get off that plaster jacket now, because Madame has promised that if he stands a good spring examination in those mighty studies of his, and that as soon as he is free of the restraining jacket, as we will give him first instructions in boxing."

"Oh, what a horrible thing for a woman to do!" cried Olive. But she had played a wrong card, for the doctor, hearing the table, called delightedly:
"Good! good for the old girl—who knows her business!" She was training a coward in his schoolroom."

And just as the professor began to take hope and courage and allowed himself to examine once more his precious old manuscripts, something happened that set every nerve in his body a-titch with terror.

Madame Varile had from the first taken charge of her own room, and clearing she needed the exercise, and was rather exasperated as to ventilation.

(To Be Continued.)